



DONALD CRAY

Words by EDWARD OXFORD.

Music by EDMUND H. TURPIN.

PIANO.

Larghetto. p




1. It was when, It was when the wild prim -
2. Soon the hours, Soon the hours of spring - time
3. Swallows now, Swal-lows now their flight are



- ro - ses Made the woods a sheet of gold,
van-ished, And the days of sum-mer came,
wing-ing Far a - cross the a - zure main,

And the vio - - lets,
With sweet ro - - ses,
And I bid them,



And the vio - lets, thro' green mosses, Were en - chant - ing to be - hold ;
With sweet ro - ses and fair li - lies, Was the smil - ing earth a - flame ;
And I bid them tell my Don-ald Soon to has - ten home a - gain.



When for - get - me - nots, half hid-den, half hid-den, Venture forth their a - zure
 Yet my heart was closed to beau-ty, to beauty, Closed to scenes so bright and
 Pro-mis - es are oft - times bro-ken, oft-times bro-ken, So are hearts, yes, day by

dim. p

spray, Venture forth their a - zure spray, And the fields, And the fields were blos - som -
 gay, Closed to scenes so bright and gay, For it mourned, For it mourned that bit - ter
 day, So are hearts, yes, day by day; And my own, my own won't last, won't last much

- rid - den, That you went from me a - way, That you went from me a - way,
 eve - ning When you went from me a - way, When you went from me a - way, Don - ald,
 long - er, If you cruel - ly keep a - way, If you cruel - ly keep a - way,

cres.

Don - ald Gray, Don - ald, Don - ald Gray.

dim. p rall.
dim. p rall. e dim. a tempo. dim. rall pp
 PED. *